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BRUNSWICK, MAINE.

"What Fools these Mortals be!"

# Puck

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THE SONG THAT KILLS.



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN  
Publishers and Proprietors  
295-309 Lafayette Street, New York

PUCK  
No. 1616. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1908  
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.  
Payable in advance

## "What Fools These Mortals Be!"

NEWSPAPERS, Mr. Bryan, do not "fall into" the hands of "predatory wealth," and there is no such thing as a "subsidized press." A newspaper is conducted for the profit, direct or indirect, of its owner; he provides the motive power, and naturally it advocates his ideas and attacks his enemies. There is no subsidy; a man doesn't subsidize himself. If a financial magnate purchases the control of a metropolitan journal or a weekly publication it becomes the representative of his interests—that's all.

THE *World* goes along editorializing about Republican and Democratic states, and printing political maps of the United States, as if such things really existed; whereas the fact is that to-day there are only Radicals and Conservatives. La Follette is ticketed a "Republican" and August Belmont a "Democrat." That alone shows how meaningless are the ancient labels.

ON THE health side I know from experience that the ozone which is driven into the lungs by riding in an open car at a fair speed is a specific cure for insomnia and nervous troubles.—*Senator Depew on Motoring.*

Now we know what brought Chauncey through the insurance unpleasantness with nerve unimpaired.

IT DOESN'T look so black for Taft. Brooklyn negro voters don't want him.

"THERE IS not a state in the Union, not even Virginia or Massachusetts, that has so much state pride as New Jersey."—*Harper's Weekly.*

New Jersey, it would seem, pockets her pride with the fees from the trusts.

G. W.

AGAIN the annual anthems swell,  
Again his praise we sing—  
The President Who Could Not Tell  
A Short And Ugly Thing.

"OUR GREATEST duty, it seems to me, is to remember that when all's said and done we are brothers in the business of making the most of mankind and of preserving a sense of humor."—*Gov. Hughes to the Amen Corner brethren.*

But all is not said and done, Governor; only a very small part of it. As for our famous sense of humor, it is one of the greatest obstacles in the path. If we could lay it aside for, say, twenty-five years we might really get something done.

THE GOOD-NATURED people who encouraged the Simplified Spellers when they first broke loose are richly rewarded. They are now asked to spell Egg with one g and Ghost without the h. "Eg!" It is to laugh.

SEVERAL COMMUTER friends of PUCK report their water pipes as "solid for Fairbanks."

WITH THE Brooklyn Bridge it is always a case of just-going-to-be all right.—*The World.*

Also with the subway crush, the fire and building laws, the ticket speculators, unnecessary noises, boss rule and six or seven other institutions. The optimistic complacency of the American people is something colossal.



THE CHINA IMMORTALS.

Once it was the Washington Toby.

Why not now the Teddy Mug?

# PUCK



WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD.

## A SUBURBAN VILLANELLE.



DISMAL BURDEN, drear refrain,  
To them that in the suburbs dwell:  
"The water pipes are froze again!"

To free my mind of thoughts profane  
I turn this foolish villanelle.  
O dismal burden, drear refrain!

The west wind grips the weathervane.  
The weather man said "Warmer." Well,  
The water pipes are froze again.

From end to end, from tank to main,  
The West has laid its "breathed spell."  
O dismal burden, drear refrain!

O "loveliest village of the plain!"  
My lot in thee I'd gladly sell:  
The water pipes are froze again.

O iteration full of pain!  
Life in the suburbs, Love, is h — \*  
O dismal burden, drear refrain:  
"The water pipes are froze again!"

B. L. T.

\*Comment by Love: "You might just as well spell it out. Everyone will guess what you mean."

## THE SECOND TRIAL.

THE verdict of guilty had been pronounced, and six hundred reporters pressed up about the stuporously psychoneurotic murderer.

Would there be another trial?

At the question the smile of triumph which had lighted his fine face was seen to fade. In its place there came a shadow of pain.

"No, second trials are a frost!" he replied, a little bitterly. But almost at once his gentle breeding asserted itself, his brow cleared, and he added: "Not, of course, to imply any disrespect to the public, or disparagement of its taste."

AS THE time approaches for the knocking together of platforms, politicians scan the face of the waters for dead driftwood, while the occasional statesman who thinks seriously of going into the forest of living principle for timber is written down a lunatic.

## HOME OF DEPOSITORY.

"YES," said the drygoods salesman, "the recent money flurry hit all parts of the country, even the farmers. Set them to hoarding money. You doubtless noticed it."

"You bet I did," replied Mr. Yardcloth, the enterprising general merchant at Corncob Corners. "But there was lots of money in this section, after all. I had bigger sales in the larger sizes of stockings than I ever had before."

## GIVING.

PEOPLE GIVE, in the order of their preference:

1. Advice.
2. Pain.
3. Gifts.
  - a. Unwelcome.
  - b. Merely useless.
  - c. More or less useful.
4. Good measure, square deal.

Very passionate givers will sometimes exhaust the list. The majority, however, proceed only as long as they find it more blessed to give than to receive, stopping, say, with No. 2. Few get beyond No. 3, b.

## SICKLY.

MRS. SEAVER (to new Norwegian girl). DON'T KNOCK. BOOST.  
—How is it, Ollie, that you were brought up with such a large family and don't know the first thing about housework? I can't understand it?

OLLIE (the servant).—I bane too sickly a girl to do housework. My sisters do housework an' I bane have to work outside. I work the ground on an' help my brothers to plow.



## THERE'S MONEY IN POULTRY.

NEIGHBOR STUBBLE.—What on airth yer doing, Silas?

FARMER FODDER (who lives on the main turnpike).—Me? Oh, jest trainin' m' chickens t' run out in the road whenever they hear an auto. Got purty good prices from some o' them honk-honk fellers that went through here las' fall.

**If your dress was your next door neighbor it couldn't talk about you more than it does.**



PITY THE POOR MOUNTED COP.  
HE HAS TO STAY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET.

# PUCK



## THE FIELD OF HONOR.

The Count, in passing, had crushed his hat down over his ears with sinister significance, but the Chevalier had settled his necktie even more meaningfully, whereupon all France shuddered, for it was believed that a meeting could by no means be avoided. Nor was it. Before a day had elapsed, the Count and the Chevalier had come together, in the Bois de Boulogne, with seconds and surgeons. At the word, both spat violently, and the Chevalier was seen to totter. He was supported to his apartments, where it was discovered that his injuries were not of a fatal character. Honor, however, was satisfied.

## THE MODERN MAGAZINE AT A GLANCE.

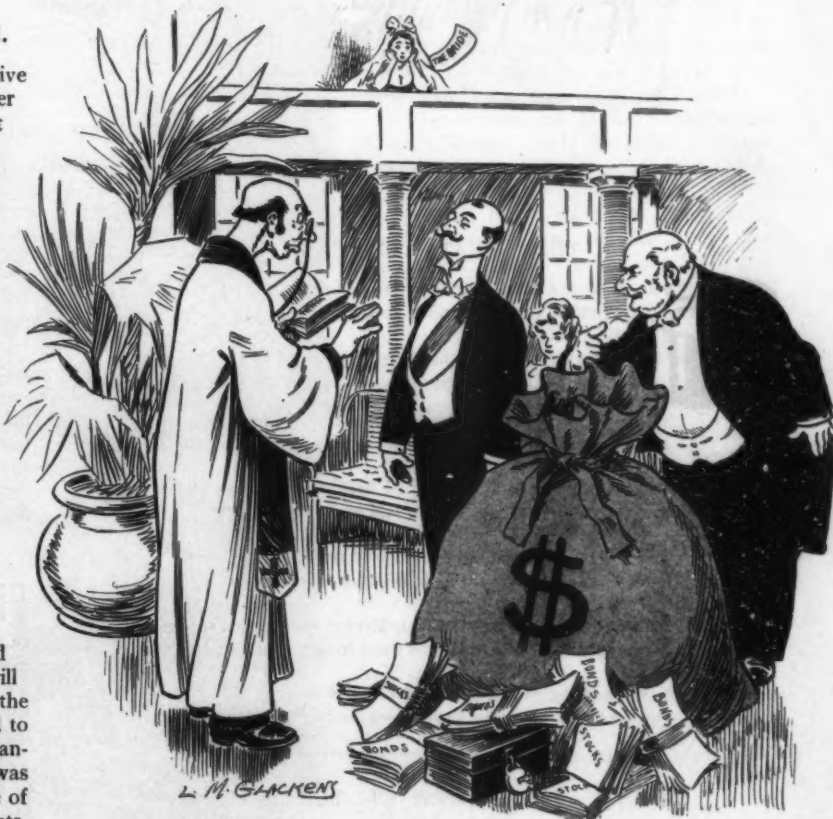


THE present method of constructing the defensive armor of our battleships out of brown paper would be found to be a source of the gravest danger in an actual engagement. Not only does this brown paper offer considerably less resistance to the impact of modern projectiles than does the steel employed in the English and Japanese ships, but its capacity for absorbing and retaining moisture renders it a fertile source of colds in the head among the crews of the vessels where it is used, and this in a prolonged rainy season might materially impair the fighting force of the ship. Its cheapness and the comparative ease with which minor injuries from shot or shell can be repaired by pasting new plates of the same material over the wounds in its surface have recommended it to our Construction Boards, but these advantages, though very great, should not have been allowed to weigh against the fatal defects noted above—I crossed the room on tip-toe thrusting my revolver back into my pocket. I had, of course, often been obliged to use some little violence in the course of my work, for even the most painstaking burglar is sometimes forced to meet unforeseen emergencies with a resort to crude and in-artistic methods, but never before had I been obliged to shoot in cold blood a gray-haired and inoffensive old man whose only fault was a not unnatural desire to save his own property, and the incident annoyed me—This franchise for which you will remember these gentlemen paid nothing was now sold to the confiding public for \$49,870,320, but even this vast profit failed to satisfy the gentlemen in control. A new company was soon organized to take over the contracts of the old company and this was capitalized at \$150,000,000 in stock besides bonds to the value of \$100,000,000, which these gentlemen put into their own pockets. As soon as this stock had been entirely disposed of to the always greedy public at par or over, its price began to fall and fell steadily until on June 10th it touched 98 cents per share and even at this

price it found few buyers except among the women traders who could not resist the bargain like look of the figure. A new company was now organized capitalized at \$1,000,000,000 in stock and \$500,000,000 in bonds and this stock was again sold to the public, the bonds as before being divided among the gentlemen forming the new company who subsequently sold them at prices far above par until the entire issue had been disposed of. A new company was now formed—When you are only seven years old and are having your hair brushed and combed two courses are open to you. You may keep perfectly quiet and not complain about the snarls, in which case the ordeal is the sooner over, but while it lasts is most dull and uninteresting, or you may twist about, fret and even cry in which case you are certainly scolded and sometimes punished but there is always the glorious possibility that if your beautiful mamma has a pressing engagement to play bridge with the other officers' wives at the Colonel's quarters she may only scold and let you go, or better still, she may send you to private Kelly who is the latest "striker" and who tells such interesting stories while he is combing your hair, and uses such funny words when the comb strikes a particularly difficult snarl that you forget how it hurts. J. W. Merrill.

## FITTED OUT.

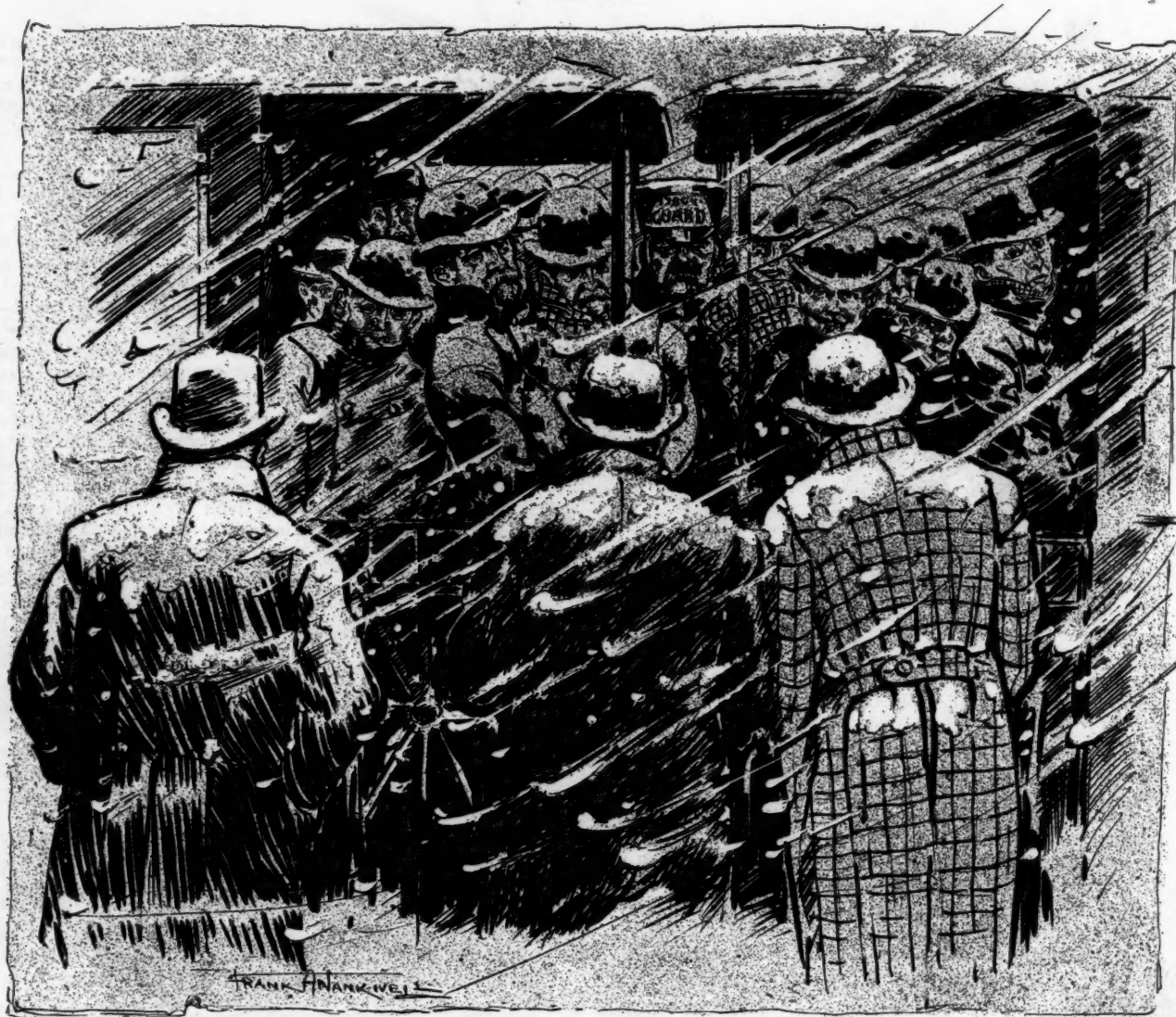
MRS. BENHAM.—I bought the dog a collar to-day.  
BENHAM.—All right; I'll give him a cuff.



## "WHO GIVES THIS MONEY AWAY?"

SLIGHT REVISION OF THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY FOR USE IN INTER-NATIONAL NUPTIALS.

**Courage is that quality of mind which makes us forget how afraid we are.**



STEP LIVELY!

CHEERY VOICE (as the "L" train stops at station platform).—Come on in! The water's fine!

THE GREAT AMERICAN PUBLIC.

**T**HE child of a railway wrecker was wed to a titled rake,  
With the Great American Public agape for the title's sake.  
The crew of a speeding flyer were killed in a reckless run,  
And the Great American Public thought something should be done.  
The son of a man of millions was tried for his life or death,  
And the Great American Public stood by with bated breath.  
Three hundred men in a coal mine were crushed by a propless wall,  
And the Great American Public said never a word at all.  
The loot of the genteel grafters waxed richer year by year,  
But the Great American Public declined to interfere.  
For the Great American Public is blessed with a mind sublime—  
A crime in the seventh figure is freed from the taint of crime.  
So come in a golden glamor and kill or steal your fill,  
For the Great American Public does love its gilded pill.

Arthur Guiterman.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

**P**ATENT MEDICINE REPRESENTATIVE.—Yes, we shall advertise in  
but one paper in a town, and we naturally wish to do busi-  
ness with the paper with the greatest circulation and influence.

**EDITOR BASSWOOD "BULWARK."**—Well, sir, you've come to  
the right shop. Our circulation books are open to the world, and  
when it comes to influence we fancy the *Bulwark* is something of a  
syndicate in that line. Why, let me give you an illustration, Mr.  
Fayke: Last year, owing to a great rush of work, we neglected to  
change our weekly market report for about five months. You  
see, we had quoted wheat at seventy cents when the prevailing  
prices were over a dollar. And do you know, one day we got a  
letter from Chicago asking us to change  
the figures, saying it was completely  
demoralizing business on the  
board of trade there!

ONLY HUMAN.

**H**ARVEY.—You should  
have seen Hotayre  
swell up at that mind-  
reading seance the other  
night when the blind-  
folded lady actually told  
him the number of his  
automobile.

**BEATTIE.**—But he has  
no auto.

**HARVEY.**—Of course not.  
But he looked astounded and  
acknowledged she was right.



PLYMOUTH ROCK.

**W**hen a man sets out to twin fame as a dramatist, it is generally all  
work and no play with him.

## PUCK

### PARENTAL CAUTION.



IT USED to be the custom, when a gallant went to woo,  
To seek the maiden's father for a serious interview,  
And to give a truthful answer when he heard the  
old man say:  
"Can you support my daughter in a comfortable  
way?"  
But now the times are changing and we all must  
look ahead  
To pierce the distant future when the young folks  
want to wed,  
And we needn't be surprised to hear the maiden's  
father say:  
"I'd like to know what alimony you're prepared to pay."

Sam S. Stinson.

### THE STORY'S PARTS.

ONE DAY the Ingredients of a Story which happened to be lying on the Editor's Desk fell to discussing their proportionate merits.  
"Not to honk our own Horn," said the Words, "there can be no doubt that our Element is absolutely essential to the success of a Story. We cannot recall the name of a single Piece of Literature which, deprived of us, would not have been a Failure: Songs, we

grant you, may be wordless; nay, most songs are Better that way. But we don't overstep Modesty's confines in admitting that we are the Without Which Not of a Story."

"Oho!" laughed the Pictures, harrisonfisherly; "you are merely a Background for us. People may read you once, just to discover what we are about, we admit, but they look at us many, many times and sometimes Cut us out to Passe-partout us to hang in their Dens. They talk about us, and it is a Picture of a Girl on the cover, though the Girl may be in the Story, that attracts People to buy the Magazine. Children may look at us and enjoy us, while it takes some Intelligence to arrive at the Message you have to Deliver. We do——"

"Oh, hush!" interrupted the Ink. "Where would the Lot of you be without me? The author uses me in his pen or his typewriter, the Editor uses me to accept the Story, the Artist uses me in his Illustrations and, if the Circulation Manager is to be believed, the Presses use a Vast Quantity of me."

"Ink," said the Paper, "you are a conceited, narrow-minded Fellow and far



too Fluent. The lot of you make me Weary. A pretty Pickle you would all be in without me. I hardly think I need dwell on my importance. Even the Words, exhumed from a Dictionary, and meaningless until assorted by the Author, can see that at once. Even the Pictures, existing only in the Artist's mind until I help him, appreciate my Indispensableness. Even Ink, without whom, by the assistance of Pencils, Chalks and Crayons, we could all be just as Happy, is wise enough to know my worth. Where, nor do I pause for a reply, would you all be without Paper?"

"Or without my Master?" asked the Editor's Blotter. "If he failed to accept the Story, you would all have to keep Quiet. Nobody would ever have heard of you."

"Don't forget us," the Punctuation Family clamored, and the Comma's voice was loudest. "Leave us out of a Story and it is as tasteless as a Ben Davis apple. Where would Henry James be without the Comma? Without the Semi-Colon Boston would be a godless, wide-open town instead of an eleven o'clock city. You may think we are unimportant, and all that, but, dash it all, leave us out of a Story and see how many complaints will arrive. More than if it were not Published at all. So there! ? —, ; — \*

At this moment, when the Check Brothers, one an Author's and the other an Artist's, were about to interrupt, the Advertising Manager came by and laid the Proofs of the Advertisements for next month's number on the Editor's Desk.

"Did I hear an Argument as I came in?" inquired the Ads.

But Silence, calm and cowering, hung all over the place.

F. P. Adams.

### PARTIAL LAPSE.

"Did you cry, Ethel?"  
(doubtfully.) "N — no, ma'am."

"Are you quite sure?"  
(with sudden illumination.) "I booed, but I didn't hoo."

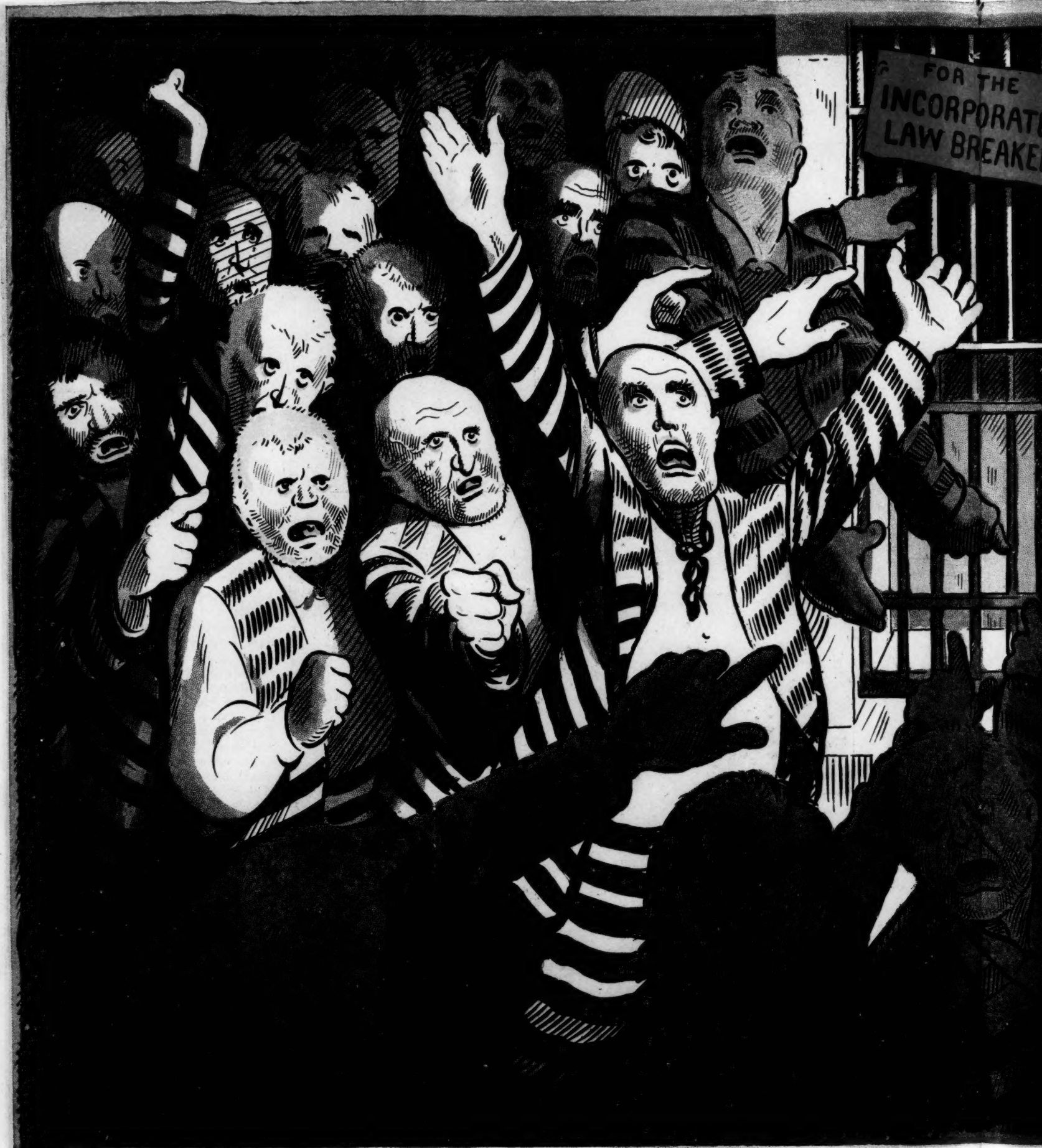


HUNGRY.

### THE IDEAL SERMON.

THE NEW MINISTER. — What is your idea of the proper length of a sermon, Miss Deering?

THE CHOIR SINGER. — Why, I think it should be long enough to get people interested and short enough to keep them so.



THE PUCK PRESS

"FILL THAT C  
THE CRY OF THE SMALL

PUCK



"LET THAT CELL!"  
CRY OF THE SMALL CROOK.

# PUCK



## NOBODY MORE SO.

FAKE WIRE-TAPPER.—Hello, Matey! Watcher got? A sign?  
His PAL.—Sure. Seemed sorter jest the thing fer our business.  
I swiped it off a church.

## THE DOG COP.



BILLY was a good dog. His old parents in Belgium had taken great care in bringing him up, and when he came to the New World to better his fortunes they cautioned him to be honest—as nearly every dog is—and lead a useful, upright life.

When Billy joined the police force he remembered their words and determined never to do anything that would bring disgrace upon the old folks at home. He thought that if he did his duty faithfully he would be promoted to Captain—perhaps higher.

Some of the cops he fell in with he didn't like. They were altogether different from him. Their mode of life was all wrong; they didn't see or think right. Billy thought to himself that they wouldn't last, but they did. Sometimes they were fired, occasionally they were "broke," but the courts reinstated them with back salary and they went on in their old ways. They took life easier than Billy and had money for luxuries that were far and away from his means. Being a bright dog, and keeping his eyes and ears open, Billy soon learned how they did it. It was the "System" that made them what they were, and it was the "System" that protected them when they got caught with the goods.

One night while patrolling his beat Billy saw a tough dog skulking down an alley with a chicken in his mouth. There was a short chase and struggle, but Billy soon had him under arrest.

"What's the use of fighting?" asked the thief. "I guess we're both practical dogs and understand each other. I had an arrangement with the old cop that used to be on this beat. Let's get down to business."

He tore the chicken in two and offered half to Billy. The bird looked inviting to him. He felt hungry, and before he fully realized what he was doing he was eating his share with relish.

When off duty next day Billy found he couldn't sleep. He tossed about in his kennel and his conscience troubled him. The words of his old folks at home, which he hadn't been remembering

as often as he used to, came to him. He saw that little by little he had been falling away from their teachings, and the line of demarcation between right and wrong was not so plain before his eyes as it once was.

Billy took to drink. At first he paid for it and it cut a big hole in his salary.

Then he did as some of the other cops: he boldly demanded it at the side doors and never thought of paying. Living was easy when you knew how to work it. Besides, he was on such friendly terms with the bartenders it saved him the trouble of arresting them for ex-cise violation.

In the summer Billy was detailed to an uptown park. When he saw some little dogs playing ball on the grass he confiscated the bat and ball; when he saw a gang of young rowdy dogs who insulted passersby as they loafed under the trees and compared the knives and blackjacks they carried, he found it convenient to look the other way.

"Isn't that a fine collection?" laughed Billy, as he showed a little pile of bats and balls to a prosperous elderly dog who lived in one of the skyscrapers facing the park.

"Don't you think it would look better if you collected the knives and blackjacks from that gang over there who insult me every day I pass through the park?" inquired the visitor.

"G'wan," said Billy, "er I'll run yer in." J. J. O'Connell.



THE REASON why so many horse races are crooked is because the human race isn't straight.



## THE POWER OF MUSIC.

MISS GOTHAM.—Gracious! What an unusual deformity! Look at that man's—er—lower limbs!

MISS MANHATTAN.—That's no deformity. That's Professor De Pumpem, the great pianola virtuoso. His technic measures twenty-six inches around the calf.

**The king doesn't always win; but he generally comes within an ace of it.**

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IF YOU

Write for  
for Infor-  
mation of  
New Low  
Cost Policy  
Department

JOHN

# 272 Million Dollars

Life Insurance, Issued and Paid for during 1907,  
on over 1,500,000 Policies, is the  
Magnificent Record of

# THE PRUDENTIAL

Total Insurance in Force, Over

## \$1,337,000,000

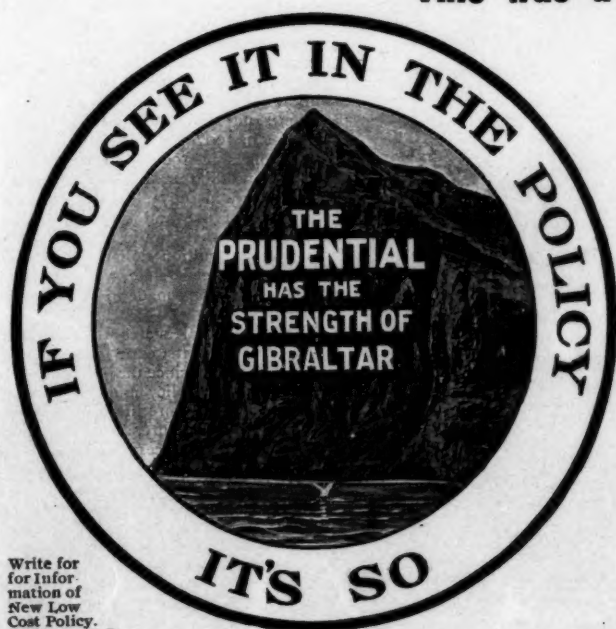
on

### Seven and One Quarter Million Policies.

Paid Policyholders during 1907, over	- - - - -	18 Million Dollars
Total Payments to Policyholders to December 31, 1907, over	- - - - -	141 Million Dollars
Loans to Policyholders, on Security of their Policies, Dec. 31, 1907, over	- - - - -	7 Million Dollars
Tax Payments by Company in 1907, over	- - - - -	1¼ Million Dollars
REDUCTION IN EXPENSES IN 1907, on a Basis of }	- - - - -	
Equal Premium Incomes in 1906 and 1907, nearly }	- - - - -	1 Million Dollars

### Gain in Insurance in Force, in 1907, over 84 Million Dollars

This was a Greater Gain than in 1906.



Write for  
for Infor-  
mation of  
New Low  
Cost Policy.  
Department P.

## The Prudential

through its Splendid Equipment,  
Experience and Organization Has  
Given, Since the Introduction of  
the New Industrial Policy and

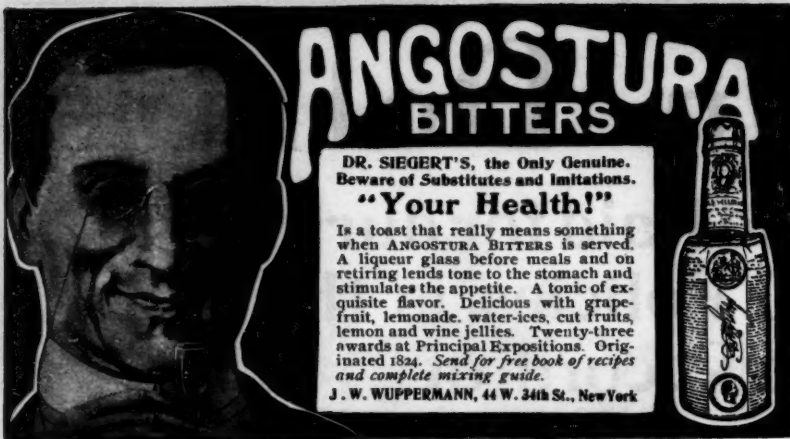
### New Low Cost Ordinary Policy More Life Insurance for Less Money Than Ever Before.

### The Prudential Insurance Company of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President

Home Office: Newark, N. J.



# ANGOSTURA BITTERS

**DR. SIEGERT'S, the Only Genuine.**  
Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.  
**"Your Health!"**

Is a toast that really means something when ANGOSTURA BITTERS is served. A liqueur glass before meals and on retiring lends tone to the stomach and stimulates the appetite. A tonic of exquisite flavor. Delicious with grapefruit, lemonade, water-ices, cut fruits, lemon and wine jellies. Twenty-three awards at Principal Expositions. Originated 1824. Send for free book of recipes and complete mixing guide.  
J. W. WUPPERMANN, 44 W. 34th St., New York

## AMERICAN DOWRIES FOR TITLED FOREIGNERS.

Now why does any one want to discourage American dowries to titled foreigners by taxing them? Those dowries are not paid with money. No gold, pure or otherwise—no, nor silver at any ratio—goes out of the country in any considerable amount when a plutocratic American pays an aristocratic European handsomely for marrying his daughter. What does go out is the general products of American farms and workshops. But isn't that a good thing for American business and labor? Doesn't it increase our exports? And as nothing is imported in payment, doesn't it expand our favorable balance of trade?—*The Public.*



**"DELIGHTED"**

Uncle Sam's tribute to America's Greatest Champagne  
**COOK'S**  
*Imperial*  
**EXTRA DRY**



PAINLESS.

THE VICTOR (brutally).—Guess yer felt dat paste all right, all right! Hey?  
THE VANQUISHED (who hears "Christian Science" at home).—No; no, not at all. I assure you "there's no sensation in matter."

**GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.**  
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."  
Sold by good druggists and grocers.

Bound Volumes **Make a**  
**of Puck** **Handsome Addition**  
**To Any Library.**

1907, COMPLETE, BOUND IN TWO VOLUMES,  
CLOTH, \$7.50. IN HALF MOROCCO, \$9.00 . .

We also bind subscribers' copies, in Cloth, at \$1.25, or, in Half Morocco, at \$2.00 per volume

ADDRESS, PUCK, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK's number of millionaires never would be suspected from a glance at the tax list.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THIS seems an appropriate time to remark that few elections are determined by straw votes.—*Phila. Ledger.*

THERE is always somebody in every house who can find things when everybody else has tried and failed—and it is very seldom Father.—*Somerv. Journal.*

AFTER a woman has been married for forty-five years, she can tell you just what she had for wedding presents, and who gave the pickle jar, and who the pudding dish, and so on.—*Somerville Journal.*

## GREAT PROGRESS OF THE PRUDENTIAL

ENORMOUS FIGURES DEALT IN BY THIS NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

The annual statement of The Prudential of Newark, N. J., which is published on another page, shows the Company to be stronger in public confidence than ever before. The year 1907 is reported to have been one of unusual gains in every department of the Company's business. The Company issued and paid for in new insurance during the year over 272 million dollars. The number of policies in force has been increased by over 400 thousand, bringing the total number of policies in force up to over seven and one-quarter millions. The total amount of insurance at risk is over one billion, three hundred and thirty-seven million dollars. In payments to policyholders The Prudential has maintained and surpassed its record for liberality. During the year The Prudential paid to policyholders over 18 million dollars, while since the organization of the Company the total payments to its policyholders has been over 141 million dollars.

A safe and profitable investment to a life insurance company consists of loans to its own policyholders on the security of their policies. The statement shows over seven million dollars loaned in this way.

The Prudential shows a reduction in its expenses in 1907 (on a basis of equal premium incomes in 1906 and 1907) of nearly one million dollars. The tax payments by the Company in 1907 also reached the enormous sum of one and one-quarter million dollars. The net gain in insurance in force was over 84 million dollars, and this, the Company's Officials state, was a greater gain than the Company made in 1906, one of its banner years.

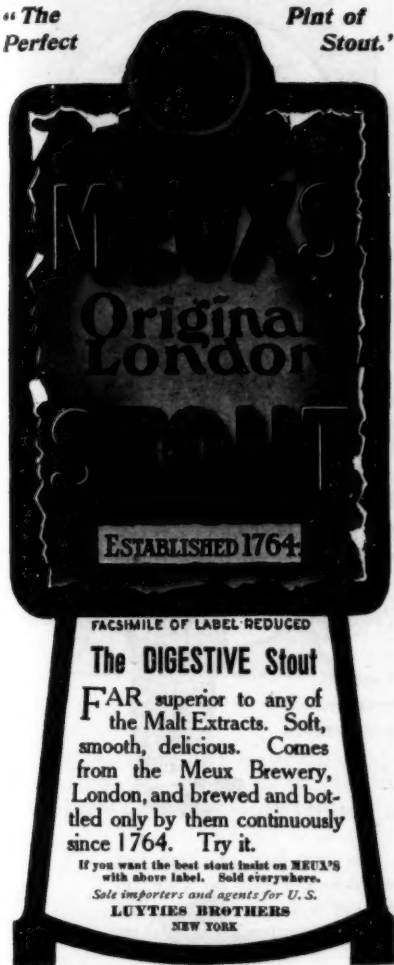
The Prudential states that through its splendid equipments, experience and organization it has given since the introduction of its New Industrial Policy and New Low Cost Ordinary Policy, more life insurance for less money than ever before, and to this no doubt is due the great success that the Company made last year, and is making this year. The New Low Cost Policy is described by the Prudential Company as the greatest success in Life Insurance, and this is due to the fact that it is sold at as low a rate as consistent with the guaranteed benefits and the absolute Life Insurance protection which it affords.

Send to The Prudential, Newark, N. J., for rates on New Low Cost Policy at your age, and The Prudential Officials state that you will be surprised at the large amount of Life Insurance you can secure from that Company at such low cost.

**"LAKE SHORE LIMITED"** Leaves New York 5:30 every afternoon via New York Central.  
FIRST CLASS HOTEL AND CLUB ON WHEELS. Arrives Chicago 4:00 next afternoon via Lake Shore.

"The Perfect

Plant of Stout."



**Meux's**  
Original  
London  
Stout

ESTABLISHED 1764

FACSIMILE OF LABEL REDUCED

**The DIGESTIVE Stout**

FAR superior to any of the Malt Extracts. Soft, smooth, delicious. Comes from the Meux Brewery, London, and brewed and bottled only by them continuously since 1764. Try it.

If you want the best stout insist on MEUX'S with above label. Sold everywhere.

Sole importers and agents for U. S.  
**LUYTIES BROTHERS**  
NEW YORK

IF THE canteen cannot be restored to the army, very likely the soldiers would be willing to compromise on a Kansas drug store.—*Somerville Journal*.

THE cry "Long live the King," seems to be wholly lacking in psychological effect.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

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### WHAT SHE REALLY WANTED.

"You had a reporter at the Women's Club meeting to-day," said the large woman, "and I'm here to protest against your mentioning my name in connection with it."

"I see," replied the editor; "you don't like notoriety, madam?"

"No; I must ask you not to mention my name. Here is my card. The name is spelled 'Smyth,' not 'Smith,' remember." — *Catholic Standard and Times*.

EVERY up-to-date doctor keeps a card catalogue of his patients, and can tickle them half to death by remembering, after keeping them waiting for half an hour in the anteroom, just what was the matter with them seven years ago. — *Somerville Journal*.

## Pears'

"Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win."

One cake of Pears' convinces.

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It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish.

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It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. See 1 lb. box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 285 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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### SIMPLE SPELLING.

When a man can't spell,  
His nerve makes us warm;  
He writes words by ear,  
And calls this reform.  
— *Phila. Ledger*.


### POOR LUCK.

"What's the matter with you this morning?" asked Gaddie. "You appear to have the blues."

"So I have," replied Jack Potts.

"Why?"  
"I lost several stacks of them last night." — *Catholic Standard and Times*.

PITTSBURG is said to be sorry that Thaw went to an asylum. However, probably some other young millionaire can be found to shoot up the town. — *Philadelphia Ledger*.



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Jefferson Co.  
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AFTER SEVERAL ATTEMPTS.

THE FOX (to himself).—I've heard farmers say it's a hard job raisin' turkeys, but I'll bet it's a cinch compared with makin' 'em come down.

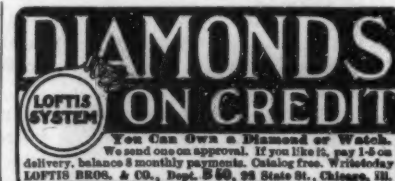
If you would enjoy a genuine luxury try a fruit cocktail—Abbott's Bitters, grape fruit, sugar to suit taste.

### DE BELLUS FOOTBALL. COMMENTARIUS PRIMUS.

Football est omnis divisa in partes tres, quorum Butler incolunt unam, aliam Student Body, tertiam qui ipsorum lingua Athletic Committee, nostra, appellatur. Hi omnes lingua, institutis, legibus inter se different. General Sentiment et Public Opinion Butler ab Student Body, et nihil ab Athletic Committee dividit.

Horum omnium fortissimus est Butler, propterea quod a cultu atque humanitate provincia longissime abest, minimeque ad eum sapientes saepe commeat, atque ea, quae effeminandos animos pertinent, important; proximique sunt Faculty, qui trans corridor incolunt, quibuscum continenter bellum gemit. Qua de causa Butler quoque reliquos auctoritate praecedit, quod demonstradione quotannis proeliis eo contendunt, cum aut suis finibus eos prohibent, aut contra eos bellum gerunt. — *Columbia Jester*.

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### INTUITION.

SPRIGGINS.—I can always tell when I am at my office, whether it is a bill collector or a client that touches my electric bell.

HIGGINS.—You can?

SPRIGGINS.—Yes, no clients ever come. — *Somerville Journal*.

## Williams' Shaving Soap

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"Well lathered, half shaved," provided you use Williams' Shaving Soap.

May be had in the form of Shaving Sticks or Shaving Tablets.

# PUCK

## TWO PORTRAITS.



The man whom coffee keeps awake at night.

The man whom tobacco keeps awake.

## BIG SNIFFKINS.

**W**HEN Slimleigh was in college, his dearest joy and his greatest woe was Big Sniffkins, his room-mate; and more or less his guide, friend and philosopher. Slimleigh, who was very slim indeed, in those days, used to wear eye-glawsses with a cord attachment. Sniffkins, who had a hand like a ham, a stature that approached the ceiling, and an avoirdupois which caused floors to creak and his opponent at football to groan dismally, Sniffkins, poor fellow, was always getting tangled up in the cord of Slimleigh's eye-glawsses, or snoring so loudly at night that Slimleigh lost sleep and was petulant. Whereupon Sniffkins' honest, broad face took on woe unutterable.

Well, they loved each other as only two honest-souled opposites cast together in a college dormitory for four years could learn to love. At graduation Slimleigh took an English Literature prize, a medal for oratory, another for excellence in historical studies, and altogether was graduated with so much honor that Big Sniffkins wept with joy. He was proud of him. Proud as Slimleigh had been proud of Big Sniffkins as the greatest Centre Rush that ever happened. Speaking of towers—Sniffkins was so large that he could be seen in the next State, when he merely walked across the campus to the gym. to train a bit. When he walked on to the football field young Slimleigh used to stand with tears of pride running down his face, and take off his eyeglawsses, and shriek, for Big Sniffkins. His cheering must have reached the pearly gates. That's how attached they were.

Years had passed. Slimleigh had a son, twelve years old. A wife, who was fair to see. Sometimes, when the clamour of the past swept through his soul, he used to think of his old college room-mate, Big Sniffkins. He'd smile, and then a tear would run easily down his cheek from beneath an eye-glawss. He hadn't seen Big Sniff from the day they were graduated.

Slimleigh owned an automobile. One day it wouldn't go. The precise spot where it wouldn't go was in a prosaic part of Harlem, where the paving resembles a volcanic upheaval, and the populace are generous with remarks when a gent with an auto has a breakdown. Slimleigh's young son, and Slimleigh's handsome wife, and his wife's pretty friend, were in the auto with Slimleigh. Slimleigh would have cared to swear, but he only perspired and grew red in the face. It was growing dusk; the crowd was enthusiastic, and increasing, and unsympathetic. Slimleigh should have been driving a brewery auto. He was too stylish....

If he could only get some able-bodied man to put a shoulder to the rear of the auto while he worked the chug-chug in front.... A start, a mighty shove, was all he needed....

Slimleigh, his face weird and distorted beneath an electric light that now flashed to life in the gathering gloom, looked helplessly at

the hostile crowd.... Suddenly, on the far outskirts, loomed a strange yet familiar figure.... A mountainous mass of a Man.... The crowd was brushed aside. Big Sniffkins, his face alight with a joy unspeakable, leaned forward and for a second embraced Slimleigh. He caught Slimleigh's eye-glawsses cord in his awkward fist, and the glawsses fell dangling. Quite abashed, Sniffkins met the gaze of the ladies, and was presented.

In another second the giant shoulder of Big Sniffkins was giving the auto a mighty shove forward. Sniff straightened out; she shot away and made a widening gap in the curious crowd.... Looking back for a fleeting moment, Slimleigh saw the great figure standing there, huge and happy.

Fred Ladd.



## A CHAPTER OF HORRORS.

**F**IRST RUSSIAN STATESMAN.—Just listen while I read these head-lines from this American paper: "Pastor Roasts the Vice-President," "Western Governor on the Rack," "Entire Jury Hung," "President Flays Doctor Long," "Whole Cabinet Bound Hand and Foot for Years!"

**SECOND RUSSIAN STATESMAN.**—Heavens! And our misguided subjects aspire to have a democratic government of that kind here in Russia!

## THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD.

**B**URGLAR BEN.—Naw, Bill wan't cut out fer de business. Too honest.

**JOHNNY THE KID.**—Dat's so. I was wit' him one day last summer w'en he lifted a wad from a swell-lookin' guy on Twenty-third Street. It had fo' dollars an' a half, an' a dunnin' letter callin' fer five dollars. Of course, w'en Billy got de matter all settled up he was fifty cents in de hole.

## USE NO HOOKS.

**Y**ON manly breast, O maid, on which you lean,  
Though it may harbor nothing base or mean,  
Ah, lean upon it lightly, for who knows  
What frail cigars may nestle there unseen.

## ONLY WANTED A CHANCE.

**S**HE.—I see where a fellow married a girl on his death-bed, just so she could have his millions when he was gone. Could you love a girl like that?

**HE.**—Sure, I could love a girl like that! Where does she live?



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204 William Street, New York

THE administration cannot fail to have some admiration for W. J. Bryan as a man who always knows when it is proper to applaud.—*Washington Star.*

#### RIGHTEOUS FELLOW.

"Come along with me and go skating."  
"How dare you ask me to go skating on the Sabbath? Besides, there's a poker game on over at Galey's house."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*



#### A TRAINED WIFE.

SUBURBANITE.—It puzzles me how Newsbub can keep a cook so long.  
HIS NEIGHBOR.—Don't you know he married his stenographer?  
SUBURBANITE.—What's that got to do with it?  
HIS NEIGHBOR.—Why, his wife can take one hundred and fifty words a minute from the cook without even a frown.

Grape fruit is made still more appetizing by a few dashes of Abbott's Bitters. Try it at to-morrow's breakfast.

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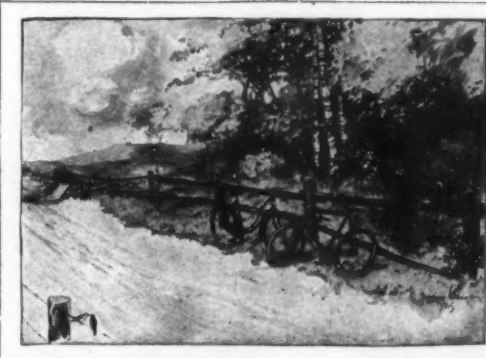
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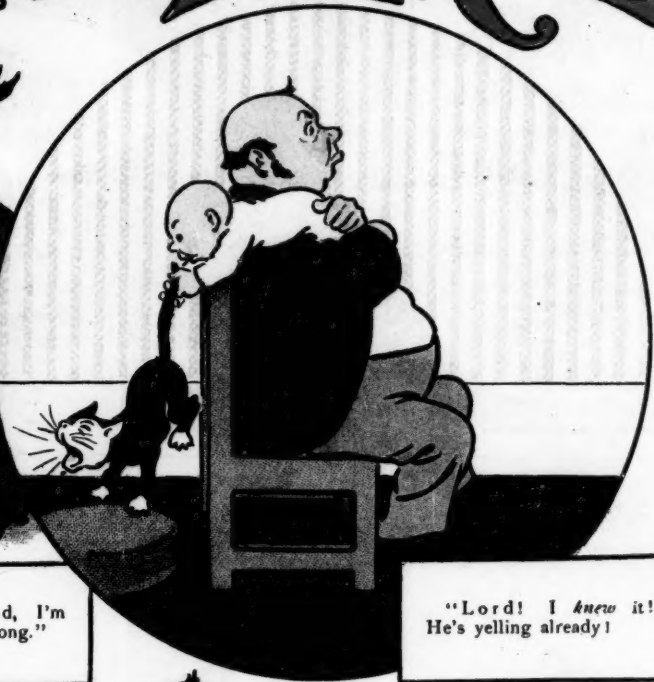
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# A HOWLING FARCE.



"He'll be good, I'm sure. I won't be long."



"Lord! I *knew* it! He's yelling already!"



"There, there, there! Nice baby, nice—Oh, well, *yell* then!"



"That's right! Howl louder! Oh, if I ever stay with a kid again—"



"Yelling? Awake? Why, the poor little dear is sound asleep. What are you talking about, John?"